



MRS. GERALDINE BANKS, widow, of Chicago, and her daughter Dorothy were at Rye Beach. Mrs. Banks had enough money—something like three millions—to make her last name eminently fitting. Her father, who had made a fortune in transforming rank Chicago fat into delicate French soap, had given her the millions outright at her marriage with John Banks, now deceased.



DOROTHY.

Dorothy Banks was delightfully pretty, aristocratic looking withal, and as sweetly disposed toward humanity in general as a girl possibly could be whose mother was constantly reminding her of her station in life and that the hot-pollot were interesting chiefly at a distance.

Mrs. Banks wished her daughter to marry, as she put it, a gentleman and a man of lineage. "I want you to marry a 'Mayflower' man if you can, Dorothy," she said, "a man whose ancestry has been college bred for generations. But, of course, my dear, he must be all right himself."

There came to Rye Beach that summer young Peabody Standish of Boston. He was "Mayflower" all right, a Harvard man and one whose ancestors' names had been borne on the rolls of that school ever since John Harvard's day. Now, Peabody Standish was a fine young fellow, athletic, handsome and with a manner which New England fogs and frosts had failed to chill.

Peabody Standish and Dorothy Banks met. The Boston man liked the beauty and the breeziness of the western girl, and Dorothy, with never a thought of what her mother had said about aristocracy and Mayflower lineage, liked the eastern man for himself.

It is perhaps needless to say that Mrs. Banks looked on approvingly. She took pains to find out all about Peabody Standish, and the finding out was satisfactory.

The young fellow from Boston lingered longer at Rye Beach that summer than he had intended. He knew in a general way who Mrs. Banks of Chicago was, for he had a bit of law business with a Chicago client in which some of the Banks' holdings had figured. He didn't make any inquiries. Had he momentarily felt so inclined a look at Dorothy would have checked him, for she was sweet and winsome enough to make up for a family skeleton in every closet of a Chicago mansion.

Dorothy Banks and Peabody Standish were engaged. Mrs. Banks and her daughter were back in Chicago and the marriage was set for the spring. Once in a while through the winter a shadow would come into Dorothy's face. "Mamma," she would say, "we ought to have told Peabody about grandpa. I know he's got that you call vulgar, but he's good and kind-hearted and would be affectionate if he only let him."

Your grandfather and Mr. Standish will have to meet some day, Dorothy, but there's no particular hurry about it. I want you to get married first. Your grandfather is going to California in February, and he won't be back till after the wedding, about which, by the way, he doesn't know anything. Everything will be all right if you do as I tell you."

riage and started homeward. At a street corner he saw the bent but sturdy figure of an old man, who was plodding along with his eyes on the ground. Standish looked at the bowed figure for a moment, then a pleased look came into his eyes and he shouted a rather peremptory "Stop" to the coachman. Standish jumped from the carriage and in an instant was by the side of the old fellow on the sidewalk, and was grasping him by the hand.

"Mr. Chandler, is it really you?" said Standish, with a ring of genuine pleasure in his voice and his eyes fairly dancing.

"Well, bless me, if it ain't young Standish. Yes, it's me, Jabez Chandler, all right, but I didn't suppose you'd remember me."

"Remember you. Do you suppose I'd forget the man who came to my father's rescue and made it possible for me to go through college? Forget you? I should think not."

"Well, Mr. Standish, your grandfather did me a turn in the past, when I was a boy, that I ain't forgot yet, and ain't likely to."

"I looked you up as soon as I reached Chicago, Mr. Chandler, and found you were in California."

The old man smiled a little. Standish beckoned to the coachman. The man drove up alongside the curb and Standish, turning to the old man, said: "You're coming home to dinner with me to-night. I won't take no for an answer. You must meet my wife," and Standish fairly forced the old man into the carriage.

They drove along in silence for a few minutes, and then Jabez Chandler said: "I've kept track of you, Mr. Standish, but I guess you didn't know it. There is some things that even you college fellows can't see through."

The old man had a queer expression on his face as he mounted the steps of the Banks mansion, arm in arm with the younger man. Standish led him into the great room off the hall. The younger man was as exuberant as a schoolboy. "Dorothy," he called, "Dorothy!"

Dorothy came from a recess in a dim corner of the room. "Dorothy, I've brought home the best friend, barring my parents, I ever had in my life. This is Mr. Chandler, dear."

Dorothy came forward, her face showing white in the half light of the room, and with a frightened look in her eyes. Then the look fled, she went forward. "Grandpa," she said, and held out both hands. The old man kissed her quickly with something of yearning in his look.

There was something stern in Standish's face. "Dorothy," he said, "why did I not know this?"

Dorothy turned, and the old man quickly left the room. "You ought to have known, dear," she said. "I don't know what to tell you. We thought—"

"I think I see it, but I don't believe you thought it. You told me something once of your mother's ideas of birth and education and refinement. Thank God, Dorothy, those things don't make a man forget his friends nor make him ashamed of his relatives. I know you're not ashamed, dear; I think I know all about it," and he kissed her softly.

Standish turned from his wife and went straight to the room of Mrs. Banks. He was there about fifteen minutes.

That night in a box at the opera an old man in a business suit sat at the very front by the side of his daughter. Two young people in evening dress and looking happy, sat just behind. A daughter is a daughter, come what will, and there was actually a soft light that night in the eyes of Mrs. Geraldine Banks, for that day her mind had learned a lesson and her heart had lost a burden.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Unlucky Little Charms.**  
Unlucky charms! The Parisienne has an idea that when all else fails these must bring her good fortune, and so she collects these curious little emblems with an eagerness not often displayed. A round tablet of gold on which the number 13 is largely marked serves as one; a similar little plague has a large eye upon it, assuredly an evil eye; a peacock's tail feather in enamels; a little bunch of bright green ribbons; a tiny pair of crossed knives suspended from a ring; a mirror charm, cracked right across the center—all these and many others are used worn hanging on to a ring of gold, says Home Chat. By day they are caught in the corner of a handkerchief bag or purse; at night, if not secreted in the folds of a corsage, they will hang conspicuously in milladi's boudoir.

**Slang Literalized.**  
First Crook—Whatever her a doin' in amongst de side-show freaks?  
Second Crook—I just sold the pair of dwarfs a gold brick.  
First Crook—Humph! Been a doin' stunts, eh?—Baltimore American.

It is a wonder that some one has never placed advertising circulars in the hymn racks at church; they would be read through forward and backward.

If a single man knew how much less interesting he becomes by marriage, he would never do it.

**INJUSTICE TO ANIMALS.**

**Undeserved Criticisms Involved in Popular Adages.**

"As stupid as a donkey." When one boy tells another not to make "an ass" of himself, or says that the other is as stupid as "a donkey" or as obstinate as "a mule," he does not mean the remark for a compliment, and the other boy never accepts it for one. But is the donkey really a stupid animal, is the ass anything like so great a fool as the human being who is supposed to behave like an ass, and is the mule only obstinate or has he a "firm character?" Ask any one who associates with the donkey beast. He will tell you at once that the little animal is as intelligent a creature of its class as you can find. There are donkeys that seem to show a contempt for the human understanding by not always carrying to do what a human being asks of them, but make a donkey love you and you will find him docile enough. There are stupid donkeys and intelligent donkeys, as there are stupid and intelligent horses, dogs, and—persons. An ass has never been known to do anything so absolutely silly as to make it excusable to give the poor creature the bad name he has borne for ages. He is patient. He is long-suffering. Much abuse makes him appear indifferent to the treatment he receives. It is, however, a little too unjust to suppose that he is originally stupid because his inhuman master is cruel.

"As silly as a goose." What is there particularly silly about a goose? Does it follow its animal instincts in caring for itself and its young? Before you accept the adage about a goose's silliness watch it for yourself. The common barnyard geese need not be ashamed to be studied with the ducks and the chickens of the poultry house; they bear the comparison very well indeed. The wild geese, however, which never associate with human beings in or about a barnyard are remarkably intelligent birds. No one is called "as silly as a wild goose," while to lead one "a wild-geese chase" is to lead him one knows not where, so cunning is the bird in its strong, untrapped flight.

"As wise as an owl." If ever the appearance of wisdom was mistaken for the quality it is in the extraordinary intelligence attributed to the owl. Why is it, do you suppose, that the owl looks so much wiser than other birds, not to particularize some other animals? Science can tell you the reason. In the frontal bones over the brain of the owl is an immense number of air cells. They give the forehead that imposing appearance which has commanded the respect of human beings from the days of the worship of Minerva down to the more prosaic present. To look wise when one makes as little fuss and noise as the owl is no mean accomplishment. Looking wise and being generally sly is one way to make yourself respected. It may make you rather tiresome in general company, but think how much more tiresome you are if too noisy! The quiet of the owl is an example some boisterous young people might do well to imitate. It has a wisdom quite its own. We have not a word to say against it.—Our Animal Friends.

**LIGHTING SWINDLE.**

**Is Being Worked in Ohio by Smooth Electrical Fakera.**

A new swindle it is reported is being worked on the rural population of Northern Ohio. A man bearing the card of an electric lighting company, supposed to be located in New York City, calls on the farmer. He has a small box bearing on the top a closed lamp with a frosted globe of the exact appearance of a large size incandescent electric light. The turning of a button serves to light the lamp, which burns brilliantly. The solicitor goes on to tell the farmer that his company is the proprietor of a patent electric light plant occupying a very small space and which they will install at the small cost of \$2 per light. The lighting of the average sized farm house will cost but little at this rating and the farmer is only too willing to make the purchase. A contract is produced and signed. This is sealed up in an envelope and left with the farmer until another representative shall come and install the plant. A few days later this man appears. The contract is produced and read. To the farmer's surprise and consternation it calls for \$24 per light. Of course a refusal to have the plant installed follows, the agent threatens suit, and in order to avoid trouble the matter is compromised by the farmer giving his note for \$200, which the agent takes to the nearest town and sells. The light exhibited is an acetylene one, and a clever substitution of contracts completes the deception, at which so many are biting. It is said.—Electrical World.

**Meekest Man of All.**

McJigger—Chicken-hearted? Well, I should say; he's the limit.  
Thingumbob—is that so?  
McJigger—Nothing can make him fight. Why, I've seen him let a man cheat him out of his turn in the barber shop and he never said a word.—Philadelphia Press.

**Keeping Her Good Ear on Watch.**

"You should sleep on your right side, madam."  
"I really can't do it, doctor; my husband talks in his sleep, and I can't hear a thing with my left ear."—Town Topics.

To some people there comes no prominence whatever in life; not even that in signing their names to a call for a meeting.

Every great talker thinks other people talk too much.



**Mock Duck.**

Out a veal cutlet an inch thick, flatten it with a mallet and spread with a forcemeat of ham and bread crumbs, seasoned well and bound with butter. Roll the meat up over this forcemeat and tie it in shape with strong string. Lay in a roasting pan and pour over it a pint of boiling stock. Put the cover in the roaster and cook for an hour and a half, basting several times during the first hour. Transfer to a hot dish, thicken the gravy with browned flour, season well, boil up, and pour some of it over the "mock duck," passing the rest, with the meat, in a gravy boat.

**Canned Tomatoes.**

Pour boiling water over tomatoes and slip from them the loosened skin. When this has been done drain off the liquid, lay your tomatoes in a preserving kettle and heat them to a boil. When this point is reached take them from the fire, rub them through a colander and return them to the kettle. Boil for ten minutes, drain off what juice you do not want and put the tomatoes, boiling hot, into self-sealing jars. Fill to overflowing with the boiling juice and seal at once.

**Chocolate Icing.**

Place in a saucepan a quarter of a pound of icing or caster sugar, one ounce of grated chocolate and a tablespoonful of water, or a little more if necessary. Stir over a moderate fire until the icing becomes as thick as cream. Lay this evenly on the cake with a knife, which should occasionally be dipped into boiling water. When finished set in a cool oven for a few minutes just to harden the icing.

**Whole Fried Potatoes.**

In no other way, except baking, is the whole flavor so retained. Boil whole potatoes, first removing a single strip of skin all around, about twenty minutes. Drain, pour a cupful of cold water over them, drain again, and wipe off the skins in a clean cloth. Then drop into a kettle of hot fat and brown nicely. Serve immediately. These make a delicious breakfast dish to serve with chops or cutlets.

**Cold Strawberry Shortcake.**

Rub to a cream a cup of sugar and a heaping tablespoonful of butter, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, a quarter of a cup of milk, a heaping cup of prepared flour, and last of all fold in the stiffened whites of the eggs. Bake in layer cake tins, and when cold turn out. Put berries sprinkled with sugar between the layers of cake and serve with whipped cream.

**Cherry Tart and Tartlets.**

Prepare a light, flaky puff paste, and put into a large pie plate and several small ones. Flute the edges with a fork. Stone the cherries and stew in their own juice, well sweetened. When done, take off the fire, let them cool, then fill the pastry and sprinkle thickly with white sugar. Or they may be covered with pastry and served hot if preferred.

**Irish Colcannon.**

Peel and cut a large parsnip into small pieces, cook for fifteen minutes in boiling water, then add peeled potatoes and an onion. When the vegetables are very tender drain and mash, adding milk or cream until you have a smooth mass. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

**One Way of Using State Bread.**

Soak a small loaf of bread in warm water, then squeeze and mash to a pulp. Add a minced onion, a little sage, pepper, salt and minced parsley and a dash of red pepper. Put into a greased pan and bake. Eat with roast beef, pouring a good gravy over it.

**Household Hints.**

To take the stains out of knife handles, rub with lemon juice and salt; afterward polish with dry flour.

A black mark upon the ceiling, caused by the lamp smoke, can be removed by washing it with a little luke-warm soda water.

A heavy broom should always be selected in preference to a light one for thorough sweeping, as the weight aids in the process.

When making pea soup always throw in a slice of bread, for it prevents the peas sinking to the bottom of the pan and burning.

Cakes keep best in tin canisters; wooden boxes, unless well seasoned, are apt to give them a disagreeable taste; brown paper should be avoided for the same reason.

To render boots waterproof, melt together a little mutton fat and beeswax, and, when liquid, rub a little of it over the edges of the soles, where the stitches are. This will render your boots quite waterproof.

Don't keep the dampers open when you are not using the fire. It not only burns away the coal, but ruins the fireplace as well. Don't stand brooms in the corner resting on their ends. Hang them up by the handles, or turn them upside down.

Economical mince pie filling can be made as follows: Procure a pork butcher some scraps from boiling down lard. Chop these very finely, and to every half-pound add ten ounces of currants, the same quantity of chopped apple and sugar, a teaspoonful of spice and a little chopped lemon rind. If required to be kept, add a wineglassful of brandy.

**Topics of the Times**

The University of Zurich is about to establish a chair of journalism.

A flock of ostriches at Phoenix, Ariz., now numbers more than 1,000 birds.

The United States has 78,000 post-offices. Germany is next with 45,623, and Great Britain third with 22,400.

Golden eagles are increasing in the Scottish highlands, owing to the efforts made by large landowners for their preservation.

Flower growers in the South of France and other favored climes find it profitable to send the products of their skill to British markets.

The navy, which gives England the supremacy of the seas, costs \$155,000,000 a year, or a little more than the United States pays in pensions. Berlin has now a "bachelors' club" divided into small flats, with smoking and dining-rooms in common, where single men can live at moderate rates.

The number of theological students in Germany has diminished gradually from 4,267 in 1830, to 2,149, or less than half, although the population has doubled since 1830.

Oregon spends for the education of children \$12 a year per capita; Colorado, \$11; Illinois, \$11; California, \$10; while Kentucky expends only \$3.32; South Carolina, \$1.39; Mississippi, \$2.06.

The Patron—Your picture isn't bad, but the drawing's a bit off, isn't it? The Artist—How's that? The Patron—Why, the clock says ten past ten, and the right time now is a quarter to four.—Pick-Me-Up.

The United States is almost a goat-less country compared with others, and the importations of goatskins, young and old, aggregate \$5,500,000 a year—which represents the slaughter of 17,000,000 goats and kids.

Until lately children under fourteen used to pay half fare on the Vienna tramways, but the rule has been altered so that any child above three feet and one and one-half inches in height will in future have to pay the full fare.

King Leopold of Belgium never wears gloves. He is very proud of his hands, which are perfect in shape and appearance, and on which he spends a great deal of time. His beard also comes in for a large share of attention.

That low lying territory of the Mississippi should at times be overflowed is not surprising if one considers that the "Fathers of Waters" draws supplies from twenty-eight States, draining one-third of the area of the United States.

The Brooklyn bridge has lost place as one of the wonders of the world since the building of the Williamsburg steel bridge, a mile farther up the East river, and the bridge now building to Blackwell's island will be more wonderful than either.

Captivity changes animal's nature. A lion captured when it is full grown will always be treacherous, but lions, tigers, leopards or other carnivorous animals that have been born in captivity can be tamed till they are as gentle and affectionate and safe as poodle dogs.

There are in New York City to-day 1,320 millionaires, as against 294 twenty years ago and twenty-five in 1853. There were no millionaires in the city 100 years ago. The first person to reach that distinction was John Jacob Astor, who became a millionaire about the year 1820.

Breaking away from a wagon at Rheims, France, a horse dashed into a passing motor car, and leaped into the back seats. The chauffeur was struck by its forelegs and thrown into the road. Passers-by were treated to the novel spectacle of a horse driving alone in an automobile.

The Berlin newspapers tell of a wonderful baby giant which was recently brought by his parents before the medical faculty of that city for examination. He is the son of a baker at Driever, and, although only eighteen months old, stands three and a half feet high. He measures thirty-six inches round the chest.

The difficulty in damaging a war balloon in midair was recently shown by tests made in Austria. The experimenters anchored a balloon at a height of 7,000 feet and had gunners, who had not been given the distance, to try to disable it. It required twenty-two shots to find the range, even approximately, and not until the sixty-fourth round was the balloon hit.

That each ring on a rattlesnake's rattle represents a year of the snake's life is a popular but an erroneous belief. As a matter of fact, a new ring develops every two or three months, and the snake, by the time it died, would have sixty or seventy rings at least, were it not for the fact that when the rattle becomes unduly long, accident breaks it off, either wholly or in part.

**NO DIAMONDS, NO FIXIN'S.**

This Heiress Had no Use for Anything but a Home. They sat crowded into a narrow seat in a Wabash avenue grip car. He was a tired-looking man with a babe in his arms; she was a tired-looking little woman. "Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it, George?" she said, with more enthu-

slasm than any one would ever have suspected her of having stored away in her anaemic-looking body. "Ain't you glad we're goin' to get it?" she went on. "Just think, \$3,000, George, and it'll all be our own."

George grunted. "Ain't it grand, \$3,000?" she repeated.

"I can fix up the barber shop a little now, I guess, and you can get a diamond if you want it," the husband said, as he shifted the sleeping babe from one arm to the other.

"No, we don't fix up no barber shops and we don't wear no diamonds. We're going to hang on to that \$3,000 like it was all the money in the world."

"I know, but I could make a lot more money if the shop had a few of those factory fixin's. Fixin's draws trade."

"Yes, but George, you don't get any fixin's with my money. It was my pa that died, and he didn't leave no \$3,000 for barber fixin's, and I'll be thinkin' a long time afore I say buy any fixin's with my \$3,000. I'm goin' to buy us a home, and there won't be any fancy fixin's. I want just a plain little home."

"Ain't you even goin' to buy a diamond?" asked the husband in astonishment.

"No, I ain't a goin' to buy no diamond."

"Well, you're the funniest woman I ever saw. Now that we're rich you don't want to do a thing with the money. I wish your pa had never died and left us anything."

The wife said something as the two go off the car. It was something about diamonds, but she said it in a way to let those who heard her know that she didn't hanker much after any of Kimberley's gems.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**It Was True, After All.**

The penalties of being "too smart" are sure and always unpleasant. Stray Stories gives a new instance. The clever young man was wandering up and down the platform of an English railway station, intent on finding an empty carriage in the express which was almost due to start.

His search was in vain. An idea, which he considered very clever, occurred to him, and assuming an official air, he stalked up to the last carriage and cried in a stentorian voice, "All change here! This carriage is not going!"

There were exclamations, low but deep, from the occupants of the crowded compartments; but nevertheless they scurried out of the carriage, and packed themselves away in other parts of the train.

The smile on the face of the young man was childlike and bland as he settled himself comfortably in a corner of the empty carriage and lighted a cigar.

"Ah," he murmured, "it's a good thing for me that I was born clever! I wish they'd hurry up and start."

Presently the station-master put his head in at the window and said: "I s'pose you're the smart young fellow who told the people this carriage wasn't going?"

"Yes," said the clever one. And he smiled.

"Well," said the station-master, with a grin, "you were right; it isn't going. The porter heard you telling the people, and so he uncoupled it. He thought you were a director."

**Girl Miller of Perkiomen.**

On the Perkiomen River, near Valley Forge, is a flour mill which has the distinction of being owned and operated personally by the only woman miller in the United States. She is hardly even a "woman miller," for she is only 17. Miss Sallie Freichter, the girl miller, is her own master entirely, makes her own rules, does her own business, keeps her own books and carries on her own correspondence, obeying nobody's orders but those of her customers.

She played in the mill as a child, and as she grew up helped her daddy, and half unconsciously and half with thought of the future, learned the miller's business thoroughly. When he died there was no one else to carry it on, so Miss Sallie took his place.

For two years now she has operated the mill entirely alone, only calling in assistance when there is a heavy load of rye to be taken in or a large invoice of flour to be shipped. She is at work before sunrise in winter and keeps hard at it all day.

And she seems to like the responsibility and the clean dollars her work brings in. She caters to one of the richest farming communities in Pennsylvania and the community likes her and helps her to get along.

Besides being a thoroughly capable miller, Miss Sallie has won another sort of reputation in the last year and a half. The farmers round about, consider her an expert on rye in all its stages, from the seed to the ground product.

**Friendly Criticism.**

Criticus—Say, what was your idea of painting that picture of a fried egg in a hayloft?

De Auber—Why, you idiot, that picture represents a sunset in the Rocky Mountains.

Criticus—Well, I don't think much of the sunset, but the mountains are certainly the rockiest ever.

**An Acquired Habit.**

Mrs. Gramercy—Do you think it was an intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrick?

Mrs. Park—Why, no, my dear. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude.—Puck.

The blindness of justice should prevent her from winking at her favorites.